



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Go Fish! For Your Soul



soul

go_fish

demons

152 3 10

Chapter 1 by Laura Frost

I duck into a dark alley, peering down at my phone. The address matches. This is it. I knock on the door six times, rapidly. A pause, then again. Another pause, and again.

The door opens.

Carefully, I enter the building. it's just one long hall that most certainly does not match the exterior. I walk, my footsteps echoing, shadows following my step.

I don't want to be here.

My thoughts flash to my brother, so thin and sickly, with tubes and wires all over him. I must do this. I will do this.

The hall ends. I enter a room, lit well and decorated in red velvet. At the table sit three people. An old man, a tall woman, and a person who has their collar turned up and their hat down over their eyes. The other being who sits at the table is not exactly a person.

It's a Demon. Horns. Red skin. Red, glowing eyes. The whole shebang.

See more of Story Wars

"Welcome, welcome!" They say, nodding me to a chair. I say they because I can't determine a gender. "Do you know the

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

Bet my soul. If I win, I get a wish. If I lose,

"Yes."

"Good! Then we can begin..."

He deals out the cards. I look at my hand and a wave of shock rolls through my body. I have trained long and hard in many card games but this? I am not prepared for.

Is the universe freaking kidding me. This game. This. Game.

"Are you ready to... Go Fish! *For Your Soul!!*"

Chapter 2 by Thomas Bond



I look at my cards. I have only one pair, but it doesn't matter because he has none. I go first. "Do you have a red 8?" I ask.

"Go fish," he says. So I fish, and get a 7 of clubs.

His turn now. "Do you have a black 5?" he asks.

I breathe a sigh of relief. "No. Go fish." Ok, it's my turn. "Do you have my soul?" is the question I ask.

His answer now: "No, go fish for it." I reach into the pile and...

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



Pull out a black 5.

Oh, shit.

Chapter 4 by Centania



He sees the scare on my face and says "What? Didn't find it? Ditch!" His turn now. He looks at me straight in the face and asks with a smirk, "You got a black five?" Rhetorically I ask, "What suit?" His smirk turns into a frown as he catches my anger. I caught a glimpse of his cards. "GIVE ME THE CARDS!" I yell. He hands them to me. "That's a good girl. Now you get to ask."

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(3e2231b1ad3ca8da8658228c00dd08e0_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(96a82dd1250f57fd139c5f3b80c9d977_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(3fd2f8db37e12aa5bbcaf4dfbd320f6c_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account